THE CUMBERLAND PLATEAU

THE TABLE LAND OF THE CUMBER. LAND MOUNTAINS IN WINTER.

The Grand Covered with Access, and Cat-tle in Panger Sheep Ranches in the Mountains A Rise in the Value of Land-How the Poor May Thrive Handsomely. POMONA, Tenn., Feb. 5 .- It is one thing to write in glowing terms when summer reigns

with flowers and fruits, but sometimes a change of seasons brings a change of tune, and the song changes to a minor key. In the heat of dog days to be in a land that knows no sultry days, no horror of mosquitos, no nights made deepless by heat, and neither breath of malaria nor fear of eyelone, is to have a taste of paradise. Add to all these attractions delle fruits beautiful flowers the possibility of future homes at a nominal cest, and investments that bring large returns, and the spot becomes more than an Eden. It is not strange that leters detailing simple facts create an enthusiasm bordering on a furor, and set men by the hundreds to inquiring more minutely into posnto December, and Christmas time comes, with bleak winds and frosty mornings and perhaps a sprinkling of snow? Are all the charms gone with the foliage of the trees?

The outlook certainly is not beautiful. A dull gray sky takes the place of the deep blue sky of a month ago. Trees stand black and pine or holly and mistletoe hint of co'or. Phrough the forest a bed of russet leaves rustles to the tread of deer or rabbit. The log nouses that, till the middle of December, stood with wide open doors are now closed and cheerless. To the casual observer there are no indications of choor or thrift; yet, despite all these drawbacks, the interest continues unabated, and families are moving hither from every direction.

Eight or ten or even twelve weeks of winter are easily borne when months of physical com-fort and financial success are sure to follow. Within two weeks there have been parties here from North and South, from Ohio, New York, and the Northwest. One comes in the interest of mules, another of sheep, another for health, another for a home, and all will do well. A gentieman from Ohio, one of the large wool growers of Spanish Merinos, is still here, studying the question of the adaptability of fine-woolled the question of the adaptacitity of fine-wooled sheep for this region. He says: "I am puzzled to understand why my sheep would not do as well here as on my farm in Ohio, and I believe they would. I shall stay here awhile and look into this thing. You see it would be a fortune to wool growers if it was found that the same sheep would do as well where they could roam in winter as in summer, with little or no feeding, instead of being fed six months as we do at home."

do at home."

"I should think that would lessen the profits and make it pay as well to raise common stock here as fine stock there." I ventured to suggest.

"And I'm not sure you are not right, he replied. "The raising of line wood is a queer business. It takes little to change the quality of wool. I'll take a sheep and shear it, then feed it on beans, or potatoos, or bine grass, and from that same sheep I will produce three distinct grades of wool. Now I don't see what's to binder my giving the sheep the same kind of feed here, and producing the same result."

"You got sixty cents a pound in Olio for finest wool. The people here get from thirty to forty-live for a common article. You feed your sheep half of every year, here they are rarely fed at all. You invest so much in a single animal that If it dies your per cents are materially lessened; here they do not die, but if they did heir owners would lose but \$2 a head. It seems to me the profit lies here, without the question of finer stock coming in. If better kinds can do well, why, all the better."

"It does seem so, but I shall stay awhile and look into it further."

There is nothing more profitable at present than mule raising, for good mules bring 50 per cent, more than good horses. Until lately no one has thought of this, but there are those now thinking of going into this business, and, once started, it will diver the attention of slow-eyed persons into a new channel. Here more than anywhere else a leader is needed; then all follow.

Catle are high this winter. Four years ago a cow could be bought for \$12 \text{ that would cost to-day \$25.} Buyers are already busy riding over the mountains in all directions buying all they can find, some to sell next September for beef, others to put on a ranch. This is the best time in the year to buy. The owners who have neglected to provide sufficient fodder to last till spring, see with dismuy their cattle growing thin, and they must sell some to keep the rest. Others require money to meet a pressing ones gone, and should think that would lessen the profits

rest. Others require money to meet a pressing emergency, and are forced to sell. One man's need becomes another's opportunity, and the buyers, knowing this, are on the alert.

In a region abounding in oaks of all varieties acorps are a yearly crop, but there are occacional sensons when they fall in such great quantities as to be dangerous to cattle, and unless the cattle are driven into fields and shut up there would be heavy losses. This pust fall has been such a time. While yet quite green the wind blew the acorps to the ground, and news went flying in all directions of danger to the cattle. Men and boys on horseback scoured the range to bring in the walking capital. Sometimes it would require a week to hunt up a missing cow that had strayed further than the rest from bells and home, but the scarch was never given up till she was found. Nothing showed the universal

showed the universal courtesy and kindiyness of the people more than their willingness to assist in the search for endangered property. When another's animal came up with their pwn it was shut up until word could be sent to its owner. There has not been such a time for Scorns in many a long year, but the danger is over now, and hogs and pigeons have grown fat on the mast.

As cattle are now selling, their owners are making nearly a hundred per cent. A New York lawyer, up here for a trip, rolled up both eyes and held up both hands, saying with a lawyer's tone of unbedief. Fifty per cent. sounds like a large profit, to say nothing of a larger sum." The time will come when the public range will be closed, and each person be obliged to own land sufficient for the stock he keeps; but this time is at lenst ten years distant. A well-known ceattle man from New Mexico is here now prospecting for a range on which to keep good stock under fence. If he should find the right place here he will at once clear a thousand acres, put it in grass, buy up mountain cows and short horns for improving the stock, and thus will roll over his already large capital into a still greater pile. As a rule, the people here do not smile upon such enterprises, nor on investors of so much money. They welcome people who want homes, who are interested in schools and churches—in short, who will improve the state of society here. A fruit raisor and doaler of many years experience said: The Cumberland plateau may be the great place for cattle, but a few years hence it will be a greater place, but of for fruit. It has the climate for fruit to perfection. If people are wise they will go to work at once and est out acres of fruit trees, as well as vineyards of good grapes. Then, when a railroad is laid across the mountain, as it must inevitably be, the trees and vines will be already yielding a fruitage that will be already in flavor, smooth, and refer have mother and plateau. An orchard sot out this year of tweywar-old trees will begin to bear in two y

and red. Could people see a short distance into the future, they would plan for fruit farms that will take the place of the cattle when the range is closed.

The number who have already come here, have materially increased the price of good lands. Places situated on or near the main road sell easily and are soon taken up. This drives purchasers to land lying further back, and this, too, being in demand rises in value. At the highest figures it is small enough still to give every thrifty man and woman a good home and a fine fruit farm. Even at the highest figures it is small enough still to give every thrifty man and woman a good home and a fine fruit farm. Even at the highest figures, flo ter acre suppose a man buys five acres already cleared, or ten acres at \$5 per acre uncleared. He goes to work clearing it, which will have him perhaps a month—two months if he works alone and tries to clear it aff. Then he takes of the logs he has cut shough to build him a house large or small as the case may be and soon at a trilling cost he will have a fruit farm started and a house built for the near \$150 which he would soon pay far rent in a stilled tenement house in the city. For \$6 per hundred he can buy good tracs to set out, and while they are growing can raise trish portates enough to support his family by the saile of them. If a man can once get here he deserves to starve if he does not do well.

This has been a good fail for deer hunding set venison is higher than ever belove. Three cents a pound was a large price four years ago, but now it briegs six, and even seven. When the snow covered the ground at the beginning of this week the forest was full of hunters. There are many flite Van Winkleshereabouts, who go with a gun over their shoulders from one years end to the stiler. These know all the haunts of deer or wild urkeys, and keep the market supplied with game. Pigeons by the thousand if yover daily toward their roos. When it was ten miles distant men went in parties and brought home hundreds at a trip, killed b

or riding ten miles to do so. With a settled minister, which we hoos soon to have, and a good school established, which must come I can easily predict a future worthy of this delightful region.

In the letters that come to me daily I am surprised at the variety of questions asked. One question is generally "Pyramet." What can we do to make it may be a great evil, and the love of it the root of all evil, still, it is not only useful, but to some degree a necessity. Thorsan failed to impress his bitlosophy upon the American mind, and although he enjoyed his hut at Walden Pond, and rations of beans, and expenses at thirty cents per week, we are none of us wise or independent enough, or simple of taste enough, to follow his advice or imitate his example. Money we must have, Money represents culture, books, must, travei; in short, everything worth having. It is this that keeps our cities overcrowded and death rates full. Because avenues are lined with painces and streets crowded with equipages that represent vast amounts of wealth, the civil of poverty or stranger from a foreign land believes somehow he will have a share of this, and so he is willing to huddle his garret or crouch in a collar and bide his chance. Wiser men will tell him he will be an about the same poverty, it is strange that the unity better than a clerk, the soamstress of the day when sh may wear dresses as rich as those she makes for others; but the result is ever the same—poverty. Is it strange that the universal inquiry is based upon the same key—low to get money? The desire for health, for religion, for social advantages, as but another expression of the same feeling.

A more child, riding across the table lands of the Cumerchild riding across the table lands of the Cumerchild riding across the table lands of the Cumerchild riding across the mass poor. The lazy must go to the wall. This has been the trouble in the past in other sections of our country, and men have degenerated into a sort of brute simply existing. Could all see as I see, and b

THE INDUSTRIOUS HEN.

Turning Out 800,000,000 Degens of Eggs and 600,000,000 Chickens a Year.

"If I owned all the hens in this country," said the marketman, as he counted out a dozen eggs and put them in a customer's basket, and had a place to pasture them in, all I would ask would be ten years in business, and I'd make it very warm for Vanderbilt." 'How's that?" asded the reporter.

"How's that? Why, easy, that's how, Maybe you don't know, young man, that over 26,-000,000 cackles, announcing the birth of the same number of eggs, kept the farmer boys busy every day last year gathering in the efforts of over 36,000,000 hens? But they did. Well those efforts for 865 days resulted in 9,600,000,000 separate and distinct eggs, or 800,-000,000 dozen, as near as I can calculate. Now, 000,000 dozen, as near as I can calculate. Now, it took just 750,000,000 dozens of those eggs to supply the demand for Tom and Jerries, puddings, hard and soit-boiled eggs, egg nog, and ham and eggs in this country last year, and eggs was eggs at that. I figure that 30 cents a dozen, for 1883, was about the average price. Thirty cents a dozen for 750,000,000 dozen climbs plumb up to the comfortable little purse of \$225,000,000. There's nothing mean about me, and if I had the handling of those offerings of the nation's hens, I'd be satisfied with a profit of two cents on a dozen.

"What would be my little divvy? Well, if I haven't forgotten what old Daboil drummed into me, I make it out that when the old year died I would lug home something like \$15,000, 000, clean and silek, albend of the game, Top years of that, and I think I could sit down with the boys and stay with as heavy a jack pot as any of 'em."

"What would become of the other fifty mile."

the boys and stay with as heavy a lack pot as any of 'em."

What would become of the other fifty million dezen?' asked the reporter.

"There you are again!" reciled the marketman. If I owned all the bens, there's another little item that would belo me to keep from worrying about the punctuality of the rent and the infallibility of the gas moter. Last year must have been a good one for recopie visiting in the country, for folks broiled, friensseed, and reasted something like six hundred million chickens, young and old. That used up the little balance of fifty million dozen of aggs were turned into chickens that goobled up \$300,000,000 of the iffty million dozen of eggs were turned into chickens that gobbled up \$300,000.000 of the hard-earned coin of this realm, ciphering the thing down close at fifty cents a chicken. I don't deal in peality, but from the size of the diamond pins of the ones that do I don't hesitate a minute to say that there can't be less than five cents profit on every chicken they self. Old Daboll comes up again and lays it down for a nickel-plated fact that if I owned all the hens in this country I would have to make two trips home from the shop at the end of the year, for here I would have \$15,000,000 more piled in the till to be carried away and stuffed in the stocking, and \$15,000,000 is plenity for one man to carry at one time.

So you see what a nice nest egg I'd have at the end of ten years. And you'd hardly believe that New York (ity would chip in about one-thirtieth of the whole pot every year, would you? But she would, Last year it took 25,000,000 dozens of eggs to satisfy her, and she paid \$9,000,000 to get them. Now, New York Nate only keeps hens enough to lay about \$0,000,000 dozens, and so, of course, we have to so knocking around all over the country and part of Canada to keep up with the ery for eggs. It would take all the eggs that New York. New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts hens are responsible for to supply this city with all the eggs it wants. The 25,000,000 of eggs used here last year, if laid in a single line, one after another, without a hair's space between them would reach from Boston to San Francisco. I tell you there's a big thing waiting for some one who can get a corner on hens."

FISHES THAT BUILD NESTS.

CREATURES WHICH HOUSE THEMSELVES The Stone Houses of the Sagaclous Lamproys

-The Subble Castles of the Paradios Fish

-Odd Nests of Very Many Other Kinds.

"If you want to see a butting match," said a naturalist, "just watch that aquarium." The latter was a square arrangement, divided in the centre by a glass partition, so that part held fishes, weeds, crabs, and even a bit of grow-ing coral, all, in fact, being sait water products, while on the other side of the glass partition were numerous examples of pond and river life; the two being in such close proximity that an excellent opportunity was had of comparing the individual differences between the animals of salt and of fresh water. The individual to which attention had been called was a small, highly colored fish, about two inches long, that at the approach of a finger on the glass rushed at it with every appearance of rage, butting its delicate membraneous muscle against the glass in a manner calculated to demonish its fishy countenance if kept up. But when the hand was removed the little creature immediately darted back to where a round ball, seemingly of threads, was suspended to a floating cork, and made so desperate a rush at it, like a boxer striking at a bag, that it partly disappeared within it, and finally in a few moments the butting resulted in the little creature's making its way completely through the bundle of threads, so that its tail emerged from one end and its head from the other. This being accomplished, it wriggled out and passed re-

accomplished, it wriggled out and passed repeatedly around the ball, pressing its abdomen to it, and them darting off, to return with a small thread or bit of gross to be added to the rest, and again pressing its body to it. It kept steadily at work, only stooping when an intruding turtle came by, when it rushed out forcely and put the animal to flight.

"That," said the owner of the aquarium, "is one of the birds of the sea—a strekleback—and the process you have been watching is its nest building. The ball is the nest, and you see it is hanging just like those of many of our birds. Some time ago the fish began to collect the material and place it upon the bottom, but as soon as I put the string in the water hanging from the cork it took possession of that. the material and place it upon the bottom, but as soon as I put the string in the water langing from the cork it took possession of that, and by continual additions of small bits of thread the nest soon assumed the proportions you see here. The butting? Well, that is the door-making operation. These bits of thread are wound in and out, and every once in a while the fish rushes head on to the mass, endeavoring to keep an opening in the interior, where the eggs are to be denosited. So a series of butts are kept up until the hole extends entirely through.

aguarium purposes, or for young folks espe-cially the stickleback is a famous fellow, and one of the easiest kent, as well as one of the most intelligent of the fishes."

Is this the only fish that is a nest builder?" the visitor asked.

the visitor asked.

By no means," was the reply. "A great many fishes are nest builders, and all of them remind us of the birds. For example, take the Paradise fish of the genus Macropus. They are the Birds of Paradise of the sea, and of most beautiful shape. The tail forms an enormous fan, almost twice as wide as the body proper. The dorsal and ventral fins are also both joined to it and entarged, their points streaming behind just as do the long, delicate streamers of the Bird of Paradise, and, as with them, it is the male that has the most gorgeous decorain building it, thereby ealling to mind some birds that build their nests out of their own feathers. When the season comes around the male assumes more than usual activity. He goes to the surface of the water, takes in a mouthful of air, carries it under water, and discharges it with some secretion from his mouth like a bubble, that floatsjust at the sur-face. Another mouthful of air and another bubble is added to the first, and this is continu-ally reteated until finally a large ball concessed.

in the country, for forks recined, trigoneseed, and either, comp and old. That used up, the little brainers of sity million down eags. That believes that gooded up 2490,000,000 of the million of the receivers that the seed of the million of the receivers of the

debrie from above had caught in it, so that quite a floating garden had been formed, the roots and streamers floating below it. Observing two good-sized fishes swimming by its side, he secured it with a stick and hauled it toward shore, the flahes following and seemingly much disturbed. Upon examination he found that up among the roots were the eggs of the fish, the pair adopting the swinging or floating garden as a nest in which to rear their young.

"One of the commonest sights in our ponds is the nest of the sunfish, that is comparable to that of some of the guils. The fish merely clear away a piace by tearing up the leaves. They deposit their eggs in the enclosure, and watch over them. The dace goes still further. He brings pebbles, and makes a little heap to protect the eggs and afford the young a place of refuge when they appear. The stones are brought in the mouths of the fishes, and a similar habit has been noticed in several freshwater fishes, as, for instance, the stones are brought in the mouths of the fishes, and a similar habit has been noticed in several freshwater fishes, as, for instance, the stones are so big that it would seem impossible for the fishes to move them. The secret about this is that they bring the largest atones from up stream, thereby showing wonderful intelligence. They have a sucker-like mouth, and this is attached to the stone. The fish lifts, and sometimes two lift tegether, while the tide carries, them and the stone down stream, and so by successive lifts and pulls the rile is made up, and forms units as saide of the guils by morely scooping out a spot in the gravel and depositing their eggs out of the way of the current. So you see fishes are not wanting in intelligence after all."

PEOPLE WITH MORT MEMORIES.

Turning up Into a Big Rattrond Depot with their Minds on Leave of Absence

A stout woman with a well-filled carpet bag entered the waiting room of the Ponnsylvania Railroad depot a few days since, and lifting her burden upon one of the settees sat down beside it. Some minutes afterward a -lim, welldressed, elderly gentleman-apparently in deep thought-entered the room and took a seat quite near the stout lady, on her carpet-bag ide. When the doors to the train were opened the man jumped up quickly, took hold of the bag, and made for the cars.

In less than five seconds the stout woman

and rescued her property, collared the offender, and called for the police. A detective was on hand at once, whispered a few words in her ear,

hand at once, whispered a few words in her ear, and then turning to the gentleman, who seemed almost paralyzed with horror, pointed to the train and gently urged him toward it.

That seems rather a complacent way of settling an attempt at robbery, "said reporter of The Sun to the detective.

There was no attempt at robbery," said he, "the old gentleman simply forzot that this wasn't his carpet-bag day; his regular days are Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. The man has a short memory and makes up for it by a sort of mechanical instinct, which answers very well when he has his gripsack along, but sometimes gota him into trouble on off days. This is one of his off days.

But what did you say to the lady to quiet her?" asked the reporter.

Oh, I told her he was a very respectable and harmless gentleman, who had never been altogether right in his mind since he was blown up in a steamboat explosion two years ago. I

who had just obtend his wis and twee chirdren, and was no doubt a little touched by it. The woman quicted at once, and the man gave up the shoes when he saw my shield. Then we fished his own pair out from under the settess and things looked all right. But it so happened that the woman, who was comely, a widow, and a regular traveller on the line, found herself one day in the same seat with the gentleman, and playfully reminded him that he had once stolen her shoes. He had forgotten the fact, of course, but the widow was charming, and they chatted their way into Newark very comfortably. But just before they entered the denot the widow undertook to sympathize with him on the recent loss of his wife and five children. This was too much for his equanimity, and a dispute arose which, unfortunately, did not end before the train stopped, for when it did his wife entered the cars and saw what was going on. The affair, as far as they were concerned, was settled quietly enough in the depot, but when the old gentleman saw me next morning I caught it.

I see many curious cases here of people who forget just what they most wish to remember, who do precisely the thing that they did not intend doing, and who go just where they had no idea of going. I had a short-minded case last week of a man who has given me more or less trouble for two years past, but this time he excelled himself. He was hardly aboard of his train before he was off again and rushing for this room; he had lost something, of course, But what was it? He wont over and under the benches, turned his pockets inside out, and even searched his hat. The train had been gone fifteen minutes, and he had not even got so far as to romember what he was searched had been contained to the telegraph office, where he worte out a message to a Philadelish in friend to watch every man who left the train which he had intended to take said

ho was crossing West street he chanced to run against what he was looking for. It was his son, a bright lad, whom he had taken to business with him in the morning. That telegram to Philadelphia cost him \$3.

"Thelieve I have now on hand an assortment of every known variety of short memory in the market. The remark most frequently heard from the great unreliables is. There, I told that man to remind me of it. They are the men who forget because they don't give attention to anything; they are always in a hurry, and always get left. One of my customers has a memory which may be called doubly short. Yesterday he forgot where he had put a package, shoke to me about it and found it flyominutes afterward in his coat tail pocket. This morning he came running up to me and asked me if I had heard anything about his lost nackage. I said I thought he would fied it in his tail pocket, which he did. He first forgot the article, then remembered—after he got home—that he had forgotten it, but forgot that he had found it. It's rather tough when you come to look at it."

TAKING PRISONERS TO COURT,

Officers of the General Sessions Doing Work that the Sheriff is Paid for.

"Any one who is in Centre street at 11 o'clock in the morning or 4 o'clock in the afternoon," said an attaché of the Court of General Sessions, "will see detachments of handcuffed prisoners on their way to or from this court, under the guard of attendants of the court. Their duty also embraces the guarding of the prisoners while in court. It is a serious matter for them, too, because, if they allow a prisoner to escape, they are immediately removed from office. The Judges of the court have made this a cast-fron rule, and one or two of the best men have lost their positions within the past the rearrange.

moved from office. The Judges of the court have made this a cast-iron rule, and one or two of the best men have lost their positions within the past ten years.

"Then the officers are exposed to great danger in transferring the prisoners. Some of them are desperate men, and their friends are ready to take chances to free thom. Attempts at rescue have frequently been made, and several of the officers have been severely maitreated. Hecently two handcuffed prisoners started on a run and sped down Worth street. The officer tried to catch them, but the crowd rushed in between. Though a small man, he is full of grit, and drawing his revolver he called out that he would shoot the next man that got before him. The crowd scattered and he pursued the prisoners into an alleyway, where they were trying to break their handcuffs with a stone, and at the muzzle of his pisted compelled them to walk ahead of him to the City Prison.

"A few months ago the Sheriff established a van to run between the City Prison and the sourt, but if does not contain nearly all of the prisoners fransferred. Of course if the Sheriff can obtain pay, to the extent of thousands of dollars from the county for timesferring prisoners who are handled by men salaried by the county for other duties, he is fortunate; but it is proper that the public and the investigating committees of the Legislature should know something about it."

Pledging his Arms for a Long.

"Can I get a few dollars on these !" This was asked yesterday in the office of a Chatham street nawobroher by a man who was evidently not dis-sipated. He was well dressed and healthy. sipated. Ho was well dressed and healthy.

"Let's see what you have sot," said the pawnbroker. The unit deposited a builde on the counter, and the pawnbroker opened it and took out two artificial arms.

"Therefore is not be set inquired the pawnbroker." The third paynbroker is not be set inquired the pawnbroker in the stumper of the arms. So the man, and the deal he in the stumper of the arms. So the man, and the set is in Buston, and I haven't got money on strapped them in Buston, and I haven't got money on strapped the life in the stumper of the stumper

Gravedigger Mantell's Suicide. The wife of Conrad Hautell, a gravedinger of Stapleton, Staten Island, died recently. He disappeared on Wednesday, and yesterday his body was found hanging to a tree in the woods near the village.

PAINTING STAGE SCENES.

Cities that Grow upon Canvas in a Single

THE ART OF DECEIVING THE EX THRATRE AUDIENCES.

Day-Surprising Effects when Pointers and Carpenters |Combine Their Skill. "Such a scene as that," said Mr. Bartley Campbell to a Sun reporter, as he pointed to the set of the second act of his new play, "would drive the Berlin public wild. I know to my sorrow whereof I talk, for when I re cently produced my plays at the best theatre there, all the scenery I could get would have disgraced a combination theatre in a Western town of 10,000 inhabitants. One of my scenes called for a mantelpiece, with handsome grate, and fire burning in it. When I came to see the scene, mantel, grate, and fire were actually painted on the flat. My expostulations with the property man were met with the assurance that that style had always been thought good enough. It was with the utmost difficulty that I could persuade the manager that I must have what I needed, and he yielded very reluctantly, for he felt he was establishing a precedent that might cost him several thalers extra in the course of a season. In Germany they will lavish money on the production of spectacular operas, but there their enterprise ends. The same thing is true of Paris, though in that city plays are mounted adequately if not handsomely. In London great sums are annually expended on pantomimes, that at Drury Lane costing perhaps from \$80,000 to \$100,000, and the result is quite proportionate. The most famous days of Nibio's Garden never produced the equals of

pay the expenses of the entire season." Mr. Boucleault," said a well-known scene "Mr. Boucleault," said a well-known scene painter, "was the originator of the movement that has resulted in our present style of mounting, and, though he got many ideas from France, he always amplified and improved them. It is a very rare thing now to see one of the old interior scenes, with wings in the open entrances, which made it appear that people walked on and off through the walls. Now, all rooms are set boxed, or with solid sides and natural-looking doors. The old square room is also a thing of the past, except in representing structures where such would be proper. We break up our angles, and get the appearance of more space, and certainly more picturesqueness. We artists are always striving to got something new in form as well as decoration, and it is no anusual thing to see two or three of us down at the Astor Library rummaging among the old illustrated books. When we have got an idea, we usually, if we have time, prepare a cardboard model, and paint it in exact ministure of the intended scene. All this is worked out with careful reference to the exigencies of the various exits and entrances, the positions of which have been given us by the stage manager. When the model is approved the carpenter can work from it—it being made to scale—in getting out his frames and covering them, ready to send on to us on the bridge. The bridge is the place where we paint, and it is so called because it bridges the space across the stage from the fly gallery on one side to that on the other. Benind this bridge, against the back wall of the theatre, are large, movable iron frames, on which the scenes are securely fastened, and these are hoisted and lowered in front of us se we paint. The best material for painting on is a "lose linen canvas, and this is, I bolieve, an imported. In certain choup theatres, and especially in small places in the country ordinary mesh is used, but no restly first-class work can be done upon it.

Before we can go to work on the canvas, the surface has to be made smooth with a priming coal. Se painter," was the originator of the movement

those scenes. But there is really scarcely any

risk to the manager, for the pantomime is a

sure thing, and, indeed, is often relied on to

really first-class work ean be done upon it.

"Hefore we can go to work on the canvas, the surface has to be made smooth with a priming coat. Scene painting is a very peculiar branch of the art, and is only to be learned properly by those who will consent to watch and wait about a paint frame. The real sceret is to get the greatest possible effect with the least possible work, and the requisite knowledge can only be gained by experience. An ordinary goed artist who first took up scene painting would put in ten times as much detail and care as were necessary, and even then his finished work would not look nearly as well as the freer, boider handling of an inferior expert. The fact is that stage landscape work is simply impressiveism carried to the highest point. Even Corot did not indicate so much with so little labor as a good seene painter will. But when it comes to architectural and perspective work, the artist must be all there. We seldom make any mistakes in this way, as we work by accurate measurement and get all our perspective lines with a string covered with chalk, which we hold in the required position and snap against the canvas, whereon it leaves a faint white mark sufficient to be a guide. It is no unusual thing to find some ignorant writer about the theatre referring to the danger of the oil-painted scenes catching fire and furnishing rich food for the flames. As a matter of fact, no oil is used at all. Our colors are mixel with water, and glue for size. Let me show you that the paint is rather a hindrance than a help to fire. He held a piceo of old painted canvas over a gas jet, and it charred slowly away, but did not blaze.

"Here is my patette," he said, pointing to a wooden table twelve feet long and three feet wile, the front part of while was dirty with smalless of all kinds of colors while the back was occupied by a double row of compariments containing every shade of paints. Prices of the colors vary from a few cents a pound up to several doubles for the most everse that one archeowere vess

place is reached, they are rolled off the cars and pulled to the theatra.

"Any production at one of our New York theatras that entails three or four scenes, handsome carpets, and new furniture will cost from \$3,900 to \$5,000. Now, if in addition to this you include rent and expenses of, say, nearly \$3,000 a week, you will have some idea of what a manager risks on a new play."

THE OLD SETTLER'S TIP.UPS.

They Destroy his Confidence in a Neighbor and Lead to Many Disappointments.

MILPORD, Feb. 4 .- "Hev ye gether'd in sech a thing ez a this year's almanick rit, Frank?" asked the Old Settier. "I want to see whuther the sign'il be right fur to make it with my while to take a ja'nt out to the pond nex' week an' see how a passel o' nice liye bait 'il strike the picker'l. An' see h'yer. 'Squire, come to think on it, b'gosh, ye never brought back them picker'l lines an' tip-ups ye bar'd o' me a year ago to go to Big Pond. When ye come to me to borry 'em it didn't take ye more'n two minutes to git from your house to mine, but o' course ye didn't have nothin' to carry. But it seems to me that even it ye was loaded down with them twenty lines ye orto managed to got pooty nigh back with 'em in a year's time. If they's one thing riles me more'n another, it's to hey a feller borry sumpin', an' then furgit who it b'longs to. send a hose an' sled up to give ye a lift down with them lines an' tip-ups. 'Squire ?"

Why, look-a heer, Major, didn't Beub say nothin to ye 'bout them lines an' tip-ups ? asked the 'Squire. "Roub who?" thundered the Old Settler.

The gaze that the Old Settler turned on the Squire was burdened with represent. He spoke as one deeply injured:
Squire," said he, "you don't meanter say

as one deepy injured.

"Squire," said he, "you don't meanter say ex.

"I meanter say," interrupted the 'Squire, "that arter I come hum from fishin' that time I put them lines in shape to take back to ye, an' 'fore I started fleub Dibble come in. We set that talkin, an' ail on a suddint I see fleub lookin' durn sharp at the tip-ups, an' pooty soon he takes one up.

By gum! says he. 'Whard ye git these tip-ups' says he. 'Whard ye git these tip-ups' says he. 'Whard ye git these tip-ups' says he, bein's ez you live nex' door to the Major's. I wisht ye'd jie' carry 'em down with ye when ye go, 'says I, 'an' tell him I'm much obleeged, will ye ?'

"Reub laughed an' says. 'Wall,' says he. I should ruther say I would carry 'em down, says he. 'I ben tryin' to grip my claws onter them tip-ups ever sence the ole man bar'd 'em, better'n three year ago,' says he, but somehow I ain't had no kind o' luck a doin' of it. Y-c-a-s, Squire,' says he, ye kin bet I'll tell the Major yer much obleeged. An' I'm much obleeged to you for borryin' 'em of him,' says he, 'an' when I ketch ye down to the tavern I'll buy the place,' says he. An' so he tuck the tip-ups, Major, an' if I was you'l'd go an' see bout it.

The Old Settler sank back in his chair with a

he, an' when I ketch yo down to the tavern I'll buy the juice, says he. An' so he tuck the tip-ups, Major, an' if I was you I'd go an' see bout it."

The Old Settler sank back in his chair with a look of resignation on his face. He was silent for a moment, and then said: 'The older a feller gits, b'gosh, the more he finds out things, Now, thar's that same Reub Dibbie; he's lived nex' door neighbor to me fur I dunno how long, an' I've aliuz treated him jis' the same ex If he mounted to sampin'. I never throw'd up to him ex how I know'd that his father had to git out'n Jersey wunst inter Pennsylvany 'twixt two days, 'cause ele Deef Gobie foun' out at last whar his sheep had been dispearin' to; an' ax how he had to skip out'n Pennsylvany inter York State on the double-guick, owin' to a lestle differ'nce of 'pinion' twixt him an' a man from Miroe county bout the title to a hose that the man missed from his pastur' lot an' found in ele Dibble's shed. I never throw'd up none o' them things to Roub. 'Sides that I were allux so durn 'feerd o' hurtin his feelin's that I ain't never locked my cellar door sence he's lived thar, an' fur fear hed think 'twers a 'sinnivation 'gin him. I've allux to!' M'irar not to take her clothes in on wash-day night, but to leave 'em bang till nox' mornin, jis to show Reub's folks that we didn't enle'late to hev no s'picions o' nobody. An' wen that shirt an' pair o' overhauls o' mine was tuck off in the line one night, an' I see Reub with the overhauls on an Bilger's stone fredic nax' day, an' come out wearin' the shirt the fellerin' Sunday, I never set one zi knew'd'em, no more'n I let on that a side o' pork I see Roub cuttin' up in his kitchen one day wore the one se were missin' from my cellar. But I'm through now, b'gosht'imighty! Any man ez'll stoop so low ez to play it on a neighbor like leub Dibble has on me with them tip-ups is mesan enough to set out rawgroun' hog meat when thuz comp'ny fur supper! Th'ain't no ne telighter in the set all the comp' and the set all the comp' and the is mean enough to set out raw groun' hog meat when thuz comp'ny fur supper! Th'ain't no use taikin'! I can't never have no confidence in Reub ag'in, b'gosh! An' say, if any o' you feblors has a secon' han' cookin' stove to seil, ye kin fin' a market fur 't at Reub Dibble's to-

morrer."
"Why, how's that, Major?" said the Sheriff.
"How's that?" replied the Old Settler

"Oh! ye can't, hav?! interrupted the Old Settler. 'Yo can't see! I know durn well ye can't! If ye could see ez fur ex the eend o' yer nose ye wouldn't a handed them tip-ups over to Reub Dibble, bloch! 'Ye've got him inter a pooty muss, with yer durn smartness, ain't ye? If he don't hev no more changes o' shirts an' overhauis, an' can't git his pork ez usual, be crimen histo. When often is required in any quantity. It is mixed in an earlierward the crimen histor. Many poor is required in any quantity. It is mixed in an earlierward in the control of the present of the pres

BY BELI, FLAG OR LANTERN

A PLAN FOR UNIFORM RAILROAD SIG-NALS REPORTED ON.

The Companies Voting on it, and for the Most Part in its Pavor—A Source of Much Con-fusion—A Story Told by an Eagineer. The railroads are all voting again just ag they did for and against the adoption of the new standard time last autumn. This time the subject under consideration is that of uniform train signals. The railroad system has reached its present proportions by very grad-ual growth, and just as each company ran its trains upon the time of the local centre, until there were more than fifty kinds of time kept, so each has adopted signals of its own, until to-day, in the matter of whistle signals alone, there are about eighty different modes of conveying the same orders. There is not quite so wide a range in the methods of signalling with flags, lanterns, torpedoes, semaphores, and bell cords, but there is nothing approaching uniformity, and there are many depot yards in use by more than one railroad, wherein each order is given in as many different ways as there are railroads using the yard. Where one railroad leases the right to run trains over a portion of the track of another road, the same confusion occurs,

right to run trains over a portion of the track of another road, the same confusion occurs. That there has not been any great number of accidents in consequence of these loce methods was sxishained by an old railroad man in these words: "Railroad accidents do not take place where they are looked for. If there is a dangerous spot on the road everybody looks out at that piace and is careless somewhere ciss. If there is obvious danger because of conflicting signals, the men are on the qui vive to insure clear understanding as to what is meant to be conveyed by the signals."

Despite this argument for unsafe practices, it had occurred to many railroad men since the thickly settled portions of the land have been gridironed with rails, that a uniform system of signalling should be demanded, but the first man to voice this feeling was Mr. James Mc. Cros, now the manager of a Western raffroad, but well known to New Yorkers as the former superintendent of the New York division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, with his office in Jersey City. He brought the subject before the General Time Convention in St. Louis last spring, and was put at the head of a committee of five to prepare a report and submit recommendations for a uniform set of signals of all sorts. The findings of the committee form a pamphlet of considerable size and solid withmatter. Copies have been sent to all the railroad managers, and their votes are coming rapidly back to the Secretary of the Time Convention. Mr. W. P. Allen, the hero of the successful fight for standard time. Partly because the recommendations of the committee form a simple and sensible, and partly because those experts have recommended the adoption of signals already in use on the majority of the great railroads, the votes are commended. The Secretary will report the result of the voting to the next Time Convention. There is no doubt in the minds of those interested that at this time next year agiven signal of any sort will mean the same thing on every railroad.

A railroad man has to und

and the trainmen of the old New Jersey Railroad and Transportation Company and the
Camden and Amboy Railroad found themselves
under new employers, they also found that, on
account of the Pennsylvania's methods, they did
not know how to start or stop a train, or back
it up or notify its engineer that it had broken
apart, any better than if they had just begun
their carcers as railroad men.

There is a gracefulness about the signalling
motions of men who have caught the dash and
spirit of the brotherhood which is indescribable. The other day a train hand on the Sirch
avenue elevated railroad, who had injured his
arm and could not wreugh the bell cord as the
others did, caught up the lautern he was provided with and raised and lowered it as as;
nait to the engineer to go shead. The motion
was simple, but the execution of it was magical. He was a railroad man trained on big
surface roads. Probably not another man on
that train could have imitated what he did.
The reporter who witnessed this was one day
riding on a locomotive from Lewistown to Aitoons, and ised for a companion a very simpleminded, outspoken engineer, who told him of a
signal he had received a few days before that
was wholly unlike any other signal that any
railroad man ever got.

"My buddy, or chum as you would say, is
Jim White," he said, "and there never was two
men bound closer together than we are. We
live tagether and join one another whenever it
is possible for both to get away at once. I got
to attending revival meetings in a Methodiet
church in Altoon and I got religion. Well, I
couldn't rest till Jim White got it, too. He was
a tough, if there ever was one, and he only
iaughed at me. Out of friendship for me he
kept on going to the meetings, and then when I
was out on the road he would keep the gang in
the round house roaring at his imitations of
the pastor and the deacons and sisters. I gave
him up. The meetings continued, and one day
as I was sailing along on my train I seen the
Atlantle heave around a curve ahead of me, and
I the pastor and the deacons and sisters. I gave him up. The meetings continued, and one day as I was sailing along on my train I seen the Atlantic heave around a curve ahead of me, and I knew Jim was at the throttle. Suddenly I seen a curious white figure leaning out of one side of Jim's cab. Prosently I walked out alongside the boiler, and as I looked at it I could see the cab, the whistle, and the sand box right through it. It motioned me to stop, and then it disappeared. I knew what it meant. Jim and I must have grabbed the air at the same time—of course. I mean the air hrake—for we fetched up our engines alongside one another with a jerk. We shook hands with one another with a jerk. We shook hands with one another with a jerk. We shook hands with one another and I says. Jim, says I, you've got it, hain't you? Through and through and from head to foot, says he; got it right here in this cab since I quit the yard. Tell you about it later. And so we went back into our cabs and parted at forty mile an hour. That was the queerest signal ever I got since I ve been rail-roading."

TRIED-ON GLOVES.

An Incident at a Glove Counter that Sug. "Will you please exchange these gloves?" This was addressed by a lady wearing a sealskin cloak to the saleswoman at the glove counter of a large dry goods store.

"We cannot exchange them." was the reply. after they had been critically examined. "Why not? I bought them for your best gloves, and the moment I put them on they

tore at the thumb." Then why did you not bring them bere without wearing them?"
"I did not wear them," was the answer.

"Both, certainly, have been on, and they look as though they had been worn some time," was "Both, certainly, have been on, and they look as though they had been worn some time," was the emphatic remark of the saleswoman.

"Well, I bought them to wear last evening, and, not having any others, I, of course, had to wear them."

The gloves were six-button tan-colored kid, not only torn at the thumb, but wrinkled at the wrist, and very much stretched out of shape, and the fingers were considerably solied. In fact, they looked as though they had been worn a week. The saleswoman looked at them again, and finally took them to the manager of the department for his decision, and he also declined to exchange them.

"Do you have many such customers?" a looker on inquired.

"Not many. We warrant our best gloves, and if they treak in putting them on or are damaged in any way, we gladly exchange them for another pair, provided they do not look soiled from wear."

"In a number of pairs of gloves say 100, are many of them likely to be imperfect?"

"Oh, no.."

"Are many gloves torn in trying them on?"

"Not many," she realised, amiling, and perhaps having an eye to the interest of the business of her employer.

"The how do you account for the damaged gloves that are soid occasionally?"

"Oh, they are collected during the year." she answered, shrugging her shoulders.

In Memory of Her Sou.

To Memory of Her Son.

"Arthur's Home for Boys," at Summit, N. J., was established in April of fast year as a member of Arthur Kingic Homes an only child, whose death from hydrophobia aroused much sympathy wherever the distressing circumstances which attended it were known. Though only a years old at the time of his death the boy had manifested a simularly inselfish interest in the welfare and happiness of others and his mother determined to make a little sum of money which he had sarried the nucleus of a fund for the establishment of an orbitant home in his memory. The house though under Episcopaid direction, is entirely unsectaries in its purposes and management.

Saved from Ningara by an Ice Cake.

NIAGARA FALLS, Feb. 9 -- A thrilling story is told of the narrow escape of Peter Scanion : Horn from being swept over the American Fa